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Paper Hearts



love romance tragedy

 59 2 3

Chapter 1 by Rendon Edwards



Chapter 2 by Grasshopper



There will be a 2

As you can see, there is something missing. More to the point, someone is missing. Words simply can not describe the pain and anguish our family was going through. If you have time, and would like to understand what happened, then we have to go back a year and start the story of when we first moved here.

Delmont is tiny compared to the metro area we moved from. Still, there were about 800 people living here, and a descent sized hiway going through it.

Dad got a job working at the water treatment plant. Supposedly he was good at it. Enough to have been recruited by three different towns before deciding to come here.

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Emma, my kid sister was always crafty. Art was her passion, but at five years old you sometimes had to use your imagination to figure out what it was. She loved me and I her. In her eyes I was her muse, her sunset, her autumn leaves, the brush she put to canvas.

Me, I was a complete mess. I missed my friends, my school, and.... Jeff. I could totally turn emmo if it wasn't for Emma always trying to get my attention. She may not have realized it, but she was my muse too.

Chapter 3 by Awkward Kangaroo



I didn't want this, I mean who ever does? Who ever wants to leave a life behind and start a new one?

"Leo! School! You don't want to miss the bus!" My mom called. Oh yea. Right. School is today. I sigh and quickly put on whatever is clean. I throw on a hat, grab my bag and skateboard, then I head out the door to the bus stop.

I get there just as the bus driver was about to close her doors. I shoot her a quick, grateful smile and I look around for a place to sit. As I walk down the aisle, people are moving or putting their feet up. I scoff as they do this. I look towards the back and I see this girl. She's looking out the window and listening to music. I guess it's worth a shot. I make my way to the seat and plop myself down next to her. I put my skateboard on my lap and I accidentally hit her. The girl has piercing grey eyes with a bored look on her face.

"Was that a lame excuse to get my attention?" She asks.

"W-What no. I didn't mean to hit you I was just... I'm sorry." I barely get out that sentence.

"Whatever." She turns back to the window and I see her turn up her music. I look at her hair and see that it's very long and very black. She's wearing converse with jeans and a graphic tee. I can't read it very well but I'm sure it's something witty. I sigh as I turn to the front. I can't imagine how awkward I'll be at school.

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